

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

"INTELLIGENCE, THE BULWARK OF REPUBLICANISM."

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NO. 28.]

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1859.

[WHOLE NO. 1089]

## Original Poetry.

### Long Ago.

The wan, sweet moon is smiling faintly,  
Robed in misty vestments pale;  
And her face looks meek and saintly,  
Gleaming through a silver veil.  
Bright and peaceful as Elysium,  
Seems this earth of bliss and woe,  
And room entranced in visions  
Of the dreamy Long Ago.

Not of the glorious ages  
Of the Past, that I would sing;  
Not of poets, priests, or sages,  
Heroes, warriors, or kings;  
Not of wondrous relics olden,  
Which the earth with grandeur strow;  
But of moments, bright and golden,  
In the radiant Long Ago.

Oh when wandering through the wildwood,  
O'er my cheek rain sudden tears,  
As I see, afar, my childhood,  
Sitting through the mist of years,  
Through the shades of memory e'er,  
These sweet dreams will come and go:  
Three visions of the past forever—  
Of the vanished Long Ago.

Starry eyes that softly shining,  
Lit my heart in days of yore;  
Brows that blossomed with cunning,  
I may gaze on e'er and o'er.  
Yet I see them dimly gleaming,  
These faint, radiant brows of snow,  
Which with heaven light were beaming  
In the luminous Long Ago.

Wreaths which friendship is entwining,  
Love and sweetest while they last;  
The angel, Time, is fast entwining,  
Friend and foe with the Past.  
Gather round affection's flowers:  
Tosses love-tones sweet and low;  
And thou shalt hear in Memory's bowers,  
Music of the Long Ago.

Sill my bow me to soft caressing,  
As of angel's soft-wing wings;  
And melody of tender blessing,  
Through my glad heart sweetly rings.  
Earth is beautiful and pleasant;  
Warm the future's sunny glow;  
Bright and flowery is the Present—  
Sweeter than the Long Ago.

LAURA LACELLE.

## Choice Miscellany.

### WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH OUR MARTHA?

BY MRS. R. B. STOWE.

MESSES. EDITORS: Now that our Charley is so admirably disposed of, we have a moment to spare to look after his mother. We find her in the nursery, her basket piled with clean clothes from the wash that no ending—her dress is neat but very plain, for she says she has no time to attend to more elaborate toilette; the children's sewing must be attended to first. Now this matter of sewing that Martha spoke of, has become a very serious affair. "The true I hastened to buy her a most approved sewing machine, as soon as such an article was heard of." "Now, Martha," said I, "there is a machine that will do your sewing all up by magic, so far as to your work-basket, needles, and thimbles—let me see no more of those wearisome things." Martha was delighted with my gift, and soon learned to use it skilfully; but, if you believe me, she works as constantly as before; and to all my inquiries and remonstrances only replies, "Oh, you men have no idea how much fitting and finishing there is to be done." Between you and me, I really believe my wife has multiplied the number of garments in proportion to her facility for making them. (There's a dozen of shirts beautifully stitched for myself; now those were really necessary.) She points with pride to Charley, Jane, and Panny, and says she sees no children better dressed on the street, and her motherly heart is satisfied; but must she wear out her valuable life for this? She has suffered greatly from neuralgia during the past year. I consulted our doctor; he said, "It is getting to be very common disease; very common, particularly among females; the nervous system is easily prostrated; she must be careful—try aconite and belladonna—let her take exercise in the open air—have freedom from care—if she is not better, call me in." Exercise in the open air! Why, that is wholly out of the question—Martha is busy within doors all day long. She makes capital pies, cakes, and preserves, and will not trust any domestic with this department of cooking; to tell you the truth, I should not fancy these things made by any other hands. Then she prefers ironing her own muslin, the children's undershirts, and even her fine things so—So with many other little matters about home. But these things would be a pleasure if she could rest after them. But there are our children; were there ever such noisy ones before? I suppose so, as they really are an institution. Jane and Charley are so heavily of an age, and both are favored with such remarkably inventive powers, that they aid each other in getting up all kinds of mischief and noise. Now on the back of a chair, reaching over the open grate to the mantle-piece, now at the sewing machine, arranging an old stocking under the pad, and hurrying to get through before mama appears; now galloping up and down the room like wild horses, which last operation, being most harmless, is submitted to by poor, weary Martha, who is trying to rest a few moments on the lounge. But there goes Panny! The dear little thing used to be a perfect sunbeam in the house; but she is irritable from teething, and mama must rise and take her. I tried to get a nurse for her, but her careful mother discovers so many defects that she preferred looking after the children herself. In all this I have not touched upon the numerous

guests, who, finding Martha's housekeeping excellent, and her table so abundant, often claim our hospitality. When can she take the fresh air? When can she find freedom from care? What shall be done for our Martha?

A year or two ago, Martha's sister spent some time with us. She was a returned missionary from India, and from constant association with the English residents there had become thoroughly English in her tastes and feelings. Our manner of life evidently disturbed her. She felt no sympathy with our nervous hurry and excitement. "Oh, you Americans do not know how to enjoy life," she would say; "you need to take a few lessons from the English. They sacrifice far less to outward show, but enjoy infinitely more in their families. The money you all spend in equipping or out-shining your neighbors, would purchase for them a host of simple pleasures." I pondered her words. It is true, thought I, that I take Martha and the children a drive every evening after business is over, and that is all. The children's noise disturbs me, they are hurried to bed, and are not up when I start to the store, so I seldom see them, and can of course do little for them. Recently I came across a little book, written by Mary Howitt, at the solicitation of friends, describing their manner of educating their daughter, and there I had a nearest glimpse of English life. The mother read the life of our Savior, and pointed out the lessons of practical wisdom and piety to her child; the father led her out into the grand old woods, and there pointed out the sublime beauty of the prophets; whilst from the book of nature he learned the voice of every warbler she listened to, and the name of every leaf and tree she gazed upon. And when the little girl's health seemed delicate, the mother at once removed to one of those charming cottages which the English ever seem ready to lend or hire, ready finished, to one another; and there in a quiet farm-house, on the shores of a beautiful lake, she drank in the fresh air, and gathered strength from long walks through the woods with her mother. And when her father could find a leisure day, he would take a friend or two in his little boat, and stopping for his wife and daughter by the lake, they would row out to some beautiful island, and there under wide spreading trees spread their table and enjoy a few delicious hours, ere their father returned to the city and the mother and daughter to their pleasant retreat. Do you wonder that the daughter recovered her health, or that Mary Howitt is so fresh and youthful in her feelings? Can you wonder she does something of this kind? I know many do; and if we live till next August, Martha and I will join their ranks.

Far well to Niagara and Stratford, rich dresses, late hours, and little uncomfortable rooms; we will seek out some quiet farm-house in the hills, or by the seaside; take all the children and let them run wild in their old clothing, whilst we with books and pointers for a few brief weeks that there are such things as counting-houses, sewing-machines or bad servants.

### How they Behind People in China

The criminals were brought in gangs, if they were able to walk, or if they could not walk, in chairs and baskets, the latter of a kind in which usually hogs are carried, the basket being attached to two poles and thus carried on the shoulders of two men. When the culprits reached the execution ground they were tumbled out of their chairs and baskets down upon the pavement with as little care and sympathy as though they had been loads of punkies or potatoes. The executioners then arranged them in rows, three usually when there was a large number to be dispatched, as my friend informed me, one executioner taking his place at the head of each row, and giving each victim a blow on the back side of the head to push it forward, and lay it convenient for the sword, as all knelt and awaited the fatal moment.

When all things were thus arranged the death-warrant came; it was a laconic, and as it waved in sight, without any verbal order being given, the heads-men began their work of death. There was a rapid succession of dull, crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, and down dropped the heads, while the bodies fell forward, and streams of blood were shot into the air like jets of water from a fire engine. The friend who was my guide, as we stood on the very pavement by the wall on one side of the street where these rows of victims were drawn up, told me he had been obliged, as others also had been, to step back of these wretched kneeling men while the work commenced, lest the blood, if they were in front, should stream across the street and fall upon them. No second blow was ever given, for these dextrous men are slayers educated for their work; for till they are able, with their heavy swords, which are in part butchers' cleavers as well as swords, to slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice cucumbers, they are not eligible to this office.

Three second are sufficient for each head. In one minute five executioners clear off one hundred heads. It took rather longer for the assistants to pick up the heads and bodies and pack them up in rough coffins, preparatory to their being carried away into the fields and hills outside the walls for interment. Nor were they at all careful that the old companionship of head and body should be continued, but they of ten thrust a head and body into a coffin which had never met before. As hundreds were sometimes executed at a time, occasionally coming up to five hundred, while these scenes were of constant occurrence, the whole area swam in blood—if not "the horrid" bridges," yet almost over the shoes and up to the ankles. The earth does not contain so horrible an Accolada, no true field of blood.—Hong Kong Cor. of the New Hampshire Patriot.

### My First Lesson.

Addy Punderson—yes, that was the name of my first schoolmistress. She was one of the stiffest, nicest, and most thoroughly prim old maids that ever took care of other people's children. She taught in a little red school-house, in "Shrub Oak," about half a mile at the back of Fall's Hill. I like to be particular in the geography, though I had never opened an atlas in my life when Miss Punderson received me into her alphabet class.

I see her now, sitting so very upright in her high-backed chair—solemnly opening the blue paper covers of our primers, and calling me by name. I see the sharp pointed scissors lifted from the chin at her side. I hear the rap, rap, of her thimble against the leather covers of that new spelling-book; yes, I feel myself dropping that basketful little courtesy and blushing under those solemn gray eyes, as she points down the long row of Roman capitals and tells me to read. I remember it all; she had on a brown cotton dress; her hair was parted plainly, and done up in a French twist behind; there was a good deal of gray in that black hair, and around her prim mouth a quantity of fine wrinkles; but her voice was low and sweet; she was stiff, but not cross, and the little girls loved her in a degree, though she did give them long stretches of hemming and over seams to sew.

My first schoolmistress came from some neighboring town. She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian; but wore the latest little Methodist bonnet, made of silvery-gray stain, without a bow or bit of lace—a Quaker bonnet cut short. Then she had a dainty silk shawl, tied like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief folded when she went out to pray or meeting.

The school house stood upon the bank of a small stream which turned a mill just above; it was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could only hear the singing of the waters as they stole by the windows. Some forty feet of meadow lay between the windows and the bank, and a noble pear tree full of golden fruit, flung its shadow over the school house, as we got our lessons. Those great bell pears were cruelly tantalizing as they grew and ripened amid the green leaves; but when they came rushing down from the boughs, and fell in the grass directly under us, so plump and mellow, it was really too much for human nature.

But Miss Punderson was strict; she read the golden rule every day, and kneeling at her high-backed chair, prayed diligently night and morning, while we stood mutely around. Indeed her control was so perfect that we hardly ventured to look at anything when they fell; the idea of touching them never entered our hearts.

But one thing troubled us very much; just as the fruit grew ripe, Miss Punderson began to take her dinner basket, and cross into the meadow at the back of the school house, where she would disappear down the hemlock bank, and stay sometimes during the entire hour of noon.

One day I was startled at my lesson by a splendid pear that came rushing from the topmost boughs of the tree, and rolled down towards the mill stream. Dan Haines, who was sitting on the second class bench close by me, whispered from behind his spelling book "what the mistress would be after that pear about noontime?" Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked suddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mistress crossed the bank every noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herself, greedy old thing! We began to feel very angry and ill used; not one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears! They did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the mill, and lived in the great house with pointed gables just in sight, was the only person that had a claim on that tree or its fruit.

When the recess came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mistress took her dinner basket, and getting over the fence, went towards the hemlock bank. Once she stopped, as if to tie her shoe.

"See, see!" whispered Dan, who was on his knees, peeping through the rail fence. "She's making believe to tie her shoe, but she's only picking up a pear. Let's jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!" Dan climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed, a little frightened, but resolute to find out the truth.

Dan went before, treasuring very softly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stooped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yellow in the hand he was pushing with considerable hurry and trouble into his pocket, that swelled out enormously after. But Dan looked straight forward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

Dan grew cross at this, and went back in high Judgion, trying to cover his pocket with one hand. Mary Bell and I would have gone back too, I think, but at that moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank.

"Come, come," whispered Mary Bell; "let's see if she has really got it."

We crept forward very softly, and looked over into the stream. It had a deep pebbly shore, broken with a few moss-covered stones, all in deep shadow—for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our schoolmistress, singing. Her voice was soft and clear, and joined in with the murmurs of the stream, solemn and sweet.

The old maid sang her little hymn, and casting a timid glance up and down, to be sure that she was in solitude, knelt down, by the mossy stone, which had been her seat, and began to pray.

The mistress was alone with her God;

she had only very simple language in which to tell him her wants, but its earnestness brought the tears into our eyes.

Poor soul! she had been grieving all the time that no one of the scholars ever knelt by her side at prayer. She besought God with such meek earnestness to touch our hearts, and bring us humbly to His feet, kneeling, as she did, for blessing, or in thankfulness. She told Him, as if he had been her only father, how good and bright and precious we were, lacking nothing but his holy grace. She so humbled herself and pleaded for us, that Mary Bell and I crept away from the bank, crying softly, and ashamed to look each other in the face.

Dan Haines was sitting in a crotch of the fence, eating something very greedily; but we avoided him, and went into the school house quite heart broken at our own naughtiness. After a little the mistress came in, looking serene and thoughtful, as if she had been comforted by some friend.

Mary Bell and I were still and serious all the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beautiful blue eyes looking at me whitely over her spelling book, but we knew that it was wrong to whisper, and for the world would not have disobeyed the mistress then.

At last the classes were all heard. The mistress looked we thought, sadly around at the little benches, arose, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her knees. The children stood up, as usual. I looked at Mary Bell; she was trembling a little; the color came and went on her face. My heart beat quick; I felt a glow on my cheek, something soft and fervent stirring at my heart. We both rose hand in hand, walked through the scholars up to that high-backed chair, and knelt softly down by the mistress. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, which instantly filled with tears; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thanksgiving to God for having answered her prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head, and then upon the other. She called down blessings upon us, she poured forth her whole soul eloquently, as she had done under the hemlock boughs.

I have heard many prayers since, but never one that entered the depths of my memory like that.

The next day Mary Bell and I followed the mistress down to the mill stream, for we felt guilty till she knew all. But she persisted that God himself had led us to the bank. No matter though Dan Haines appeared to have done it. Wicked instruments, were often used to work out good—God had answered her prayer, and it was enough. She only hoped we should not be ashamed of having knelt by our lonely school mistress.

As usual! For the first time in our lives we threw our arms around Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she hardly knew how to take it; those withered lips had been so long unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young, and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

### The Inquisitive Yankee.

The following new edition, with improvement, of an old anecdote, is exceedingly rich:

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him a lean shaggy Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance proved that he possessed a most "enquiring mind." Before him, occupying the whole seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times and maneuvering to get an opportunity to "look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"At length!" said the lady.  
"Yes, sir, responded the lady.  
"Parent—father or mother?"  
"No, sir."  
"Child, perhaps—a boy or girl?"  
"No, sir, not a child, I have no children."  
"Husband?"  
"Yes, was the curt answer.  
"Hum!—chology!—a trades' man, may be?"

"My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned."  
"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor hesitating for an instant.  
"Save his child!"

"Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects; said the widow  
"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up.

"Pious man!"  
"He was a member of the Methodist church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came.  
"Don't you think you've got a great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his child?"

"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the window, the indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow's glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat: "Was you calculating to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy," said the inquisitive, turning to our narrator behind him; "she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelings. What did you make you say that to her? You've got to get your hand; it's a real posy one."

Soapsuds.—There is nothing any better "about the house" as a manure for flowers. Buy a barrel to throw your ends in for use; do not throw them away; it is the secret of the vigor of growth and perfectness of bloom of a great many flower pots of the housewife. And then grape vines have a special thirst for just such drink.—Prairie Farmer.

### A Garden Overrun with Weeds.

"Father, I don't like to go to school. I wish you would let me stay at home this morning. Charles French's father does not oblige him to go to school."

"Give me your hand, Harry. Come with me. I wish to show you something in the garden. See how finely those peas are growing! How clean and healthy the vines look! Do you think we shall have an abundant crop?"

"O yes, father. There is not a weed about their roots, and those little poles, or bushes, stuck in the ground, hold them up, so that they have a fine chance to grow."

"Now go with me across the road to look at Mr. French's pea-vines, through a large opening in his fence. Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. French's pea-vines?"

"O father! I never saw such poor looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon and the weeds are nearly as high as the pea stems themselves. There will not be half a crop of them."

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they please. I suppose Mr. French just planted them, and never took any care of them afterwards. He has neither taken out the weeds nor trained them to grow right."

"Yes, that is the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars, if it is not tilled with the greatest care. Children's minds are like garden beds, and they must be more carefully tended than the choicest plants."

"If you, my son, were never to go to school nor to have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind when you become a man, it would resemble this weedy bed in Mr. French's land, rather than the beautiful one in our garden! Would you think me right to neglect my garden, as Mr. French has neglected his?"

"O no, father! Your garden is a fine garden, but Mr. French's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It will not yield half as much as yours."

"Do you think, my son, that it would be right for me to neglect my child as Mr. French neglects his, and allow him to run wild, and his mind to become overgrown with weeds?"

"I send you to school in order that the garden of your mind may have good seed sown in it, and these seeds may spring up and grow and yield a good crop. Now which would you prefer, to stay at home from school and let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or to go to school and this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school. I will never again ask to stay at home from school. But father, is Charles French's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it surely will be, if he does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school, is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

### Greeley Draws a Comparison.

In one of Mr. Greeley's late letters from the Kansas plains he says:

Speaking of Rattlesnakes—I hasten to retract the skepticism avowed in a former letter as to the usual and welcome residence of these venomous serpents in the Prairie-Dog's burrow. The evidence is too direct and reliable to be gainsaid. A credible witness testifies that he and others undertook to drown out a Prairie-Dog in his den, and when sufficient water had been rapidly poured in, out came a Prairie-Dog, an Owl and a Rattlesnake all together. In another case a tremendous rain raised a creek so that it suddenly overflowed a Prairie-Dog town, when the general stampede of Prairie Dogs, and Owls and Rattlesnakes was a sight to behold. It is idle to attempt holding out against facts; so I have pondered this anomaly until I think I fully comprehend it. The case is much like that of some newspaper establishments, whose proprietors, it is said, find it convenient to keep on their staff "a brood of a boy" from Tipperary, standing six feet two in his stockings and measuring a yard or more across the shoulders, who stands ready, with an ill-gotten brogue, twinkle in his eye, and a hickory sappling firmly grasped in his dexter fist, to respond to all choleric, peremptory customers, who call of a morning, hot with wrath and bristling with cowhides, to demand a parley with the editor. The Cayote is a gentleman of an inquiring, inquiring, investigating turn, who is an adept at excavation, and whose fondness for Prairie Dog is more ardent than flattering. To dig one out and digest him "would be an easy task, if he were alone in his den, or with only the Owl as his partner, but when the firm is known to be a Prairie-Dog, Rattlesnake & Co., the Cayote's passion for subterranean researches is materially cooled. The Rattlesnake is to the concern what the fighting editor is to the journalistic organization aforesaid. And thus, while my faith is enlarged, is my reason satisfied.

PRAYER.—There is much in all prayer that passes our understanding. It is the meeting-point of the seen and unseen. It is the border-land between Earth and Heaven. It is the contact and communion of finite beings with the Infinite. What wonder an analysis of ours should fail to unwind all its mysteries and explain all its divine economy? It is enough that wherever religious wisdom has opened its lips to teach anything, it has taught this; enough that the great body of believing men since Christ, if we may not say since the beginning, have proved it; that all Revelation, calmly, as by prophetic, unanimous, assured authority, promises special blessings to it; that Christ, by his example and by his lessons, enjoins it. "If two of you on earth shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask it shall be done for them." "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Dr. Huntington.

### Speaking without a Tongue.

The Scots Magazine for February has the following:

Mr. Boddington, Turkey merchant at Ipswich communicated this extraordinary fact, of one Margaret Cuttign, at Wickham market, in Suffolk, to the Royal Society, July 1, 1742; who thought it worthy of an exact inquiry, which was made by Mr. Boddington, the Rev. Mr. Norcutt, and Mr. Hammond, a skilful anatomist, who attested the following circumstances:

April 9, 1742, we saw Margaret Cuttign, who informed us she was about 24 years old; that when she was but four years of age, a cancer appeared on the upper part of her tongue which soon ate its way to the root. Mr. Scotchmore, surgeon at Saxmudham, used the best means he could for her relief, but pronounced the case incurable. One day, when he was injecting some medicine into her mouth, her tongue dropped out; the little girl immediately saying to her great surprise, "Don't be frightened, mamma, it will grow again." In a quarter of a year after she was quite cured. In examining her mouth we found not the least appearance of any tongue remaining, nor any scars, but we observed a fleshy excrescence under the left jaw, extending itself almost to the place where the uvula should be, about a finger broad. This did not appear until some years after the cure. It is not moveable.

The passage to the throat, where the uvula should be, is circular, and will admit a small outgrowth. She performs the swallowing of solids and liquids as well as we could. She is as well as other persons do, but with a little tone through the nose. Letters and syllables she pronounced very articulately, and vowels perfectly; as also those consonants that require most the help of the tongue, d, t, l, r, n. She read to us in a book very distinctly, and sung very prettily. What is still more wonderful, notwithstanding her loss of the organ, she distinguished all tastes very nicely. To this certificate may be added the attestation of Mr. Dennis, tobacconist, in Aldersgate street, who has known her many years, and upon frequent inspections had found the case before recited true. Some few instances of the like nature have occurred, particularly in one related by Tulpius, of a man himself examined, who, having had his tongue cut out by the Turks, after three years could speak distinctly.

### "Just As I Am"

A few weeks ago a poor little boy came to one of our ward missionaries, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing that precious lyrical epitome of the Gospel, of which the first stanza is as follows:

Just as I am, without one plea,  
That I am poor, and lowly, and despised,  
And that I have no good thing to do,  
O Lamb of God!—I come.

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame, to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it had been cast upon the air like a falling leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath School, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find in it, we may hope, the Gospel of her salvation. Could she, in any probability, have gone down into death sweetly singing that hymn of patience and faith in Jesus, to her latest breath, without the saving knowledge of Him which the Holy Spirit alone imparts?

The incident was so impressive that it was related in a Sabbath School, subsequently, and copies of the same beautiful hymn were given to all who would learn it. Groups of children from such schools have since been seen repeating or singing it. None can tell what those simple lines have done, or are destined to do, for the salvation of the lost.—Examiner.

### Light on the Cloud.

The experience of every soul that turns to God is a convincing proof that there is light somewhere, and that which is bright and clear. Was it a man struggling with great afflictions, an injured man, crushed by heavy wrongs; was it a man desolated and broken down by domestic sorrows; was it a rich man stripped by sore losses and calamities; was it a proud man blasted by slander; was it an atheist groping after curious knowledge, and starving on the chaff of questions unresolved? Be it one or another of these, for all alike were tormented in the same perplexities of the darkened understanding, everything was dark, and dry, and empty; but when they came to Christ, and believe in him, it is their common surprise to find how suddenly everything becomes luminous. Speculatively, they understand nothing which before was hidden, and yet there is a wondrous glory shining on their path. God is revealed within, and God is light. The flaming circle of eternal day skirts the horizon of the mind. The dark questions are forgot, or left behind. They even become insignificant. Their dignity is gone, and the soul, basking in the blessed sunshine of God's love, thinks it nothing any more, if it could understand all mysteries. In all which it is made plain that, if we are under the cloud, there is yet a bright light above.

The Monmouth (N. Y.) Inquirer says that nearly two hundred thousand baskets of strawberries were carried from that country by the steamer Keyport, on Friday.

## Communication.

[Written for The Belmont Chronicle.

"WE ARE ALL HERE."

We are all here;  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, Brother,  
All who hold each other dear.

There is perhaps no word in language, that thrills the tender chords of the human heart like the name of home. We love the name because it brings to our recollection the many happy hours spent within the hallowed precincts of the "Old Homestead"—the companions of our childhood, and the ever to be remembered friends of ripening years.

In how many families would the above lines meet with a literal fulfillment, as their respective members gathered around their firesides on the last night of the past year? But few. Perhaps a father would be missing, or a brother gone—perhaps a sister could not join the circle—or a mother would be sleeping in the cold and silent grave. But although absent in person, they would be present in our memories, and meet with us again, as in days of yore. Whatever pleasing associations may be connected with our earthly home, there is yet another—a home not made with hands eternal in the heavens—in which I hope we may enjoy the privilege of meeting together—a home in which there is no sorrow or sadness—a home in which there will be no parting—nothing but joy unspeakable, and full of glory. And when after having gathered around the throne with golden harps to sing a song of praise to the Great Jehovah, may the family circle not be broken, and may each repeat in words of bliss—

We are all, all here;  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, Brother,  
All who hold each other dear.

J. P. H.

### The Cass Doctrine Applied.

(From The Cincinnati Commercial.)

The beauties of the doctrine of the Administration, regarding the rights and liberties of our naturalized citizens who may visit their native countries, as laid down in the letters of the Secretary of State to Le Clerc of Memphis, and Mr. Hofer of this city, are illustrated in the case of Colonel Charles Ernst of this city, who recently proposed to visit Europe, with the design of making observations at the seat of war—Mr. Ernst has been a citizen of the United States for thirty years. He has served in our volunteer military forces, and has on several occasions seen active service in quelling riots. He now holds a commission as Lieutenant Colonel in the Ohio Volunteer Militia, and is an excellent officer and honorable citizen, widely known and respected.

He proceeded to Washington to have his passport made out, taking letters to the State department, stating his character and position, from the Hon. W. S. Groesbeck, and other distinguished gentlemen. He obtained interviews with Gen. Cass, and was coolly told that it would be prudent for him to stay at home, as Government would not undertake to guarantee him the protection as a citizen of the United States, and that he might be impressed into the French army.

He has, in consequence, given up his design of visiting Europe; and returned to this city, very naturally impressed that he had been mistaken in believing that he would be entitled to respect anywhere on the globe as a citizen of the American Republic. He proposes to enter a formal protest, as a citizen against the ruling of the Secretary of State in his case. It is a question that he feels interested in having settled, whether he is a citizen of the United States or a citizen of France, and whether, as a naturalized citizen of this country, he has any rights that Napoleon is bound to respect.

### Nobleness of Character Developed by Contact with the World.

St. Francis of Sales had been able, in his knowledge of the cloistered man and cloistered life, to see how necessary it is for the soul to be aired in the outward exposure of the world; and, if we do not stop to question the facts of his illustrations, no one has spoken of this necessity with greater force and beauty of conception. "Many persons believe," he says, "that as no beast dares taste the seed of the herb Palma Christi, so no man ought to aspire to the palm of Christian piety as long as he lives in the bustle of temporal affairs." Now, to such I shall prove that, as the mother-of-pearl fish lives in the sea without receiving a drop of salt water; and as, toward the Chelidonia Islands, springs of fresh water may be found in the midst of the sea, and as the fire-fly passes through the flames without burning its wings, so, in the world, may discover sweet springs of piety amidst its salt waters, and fly among the flames of earthly concupiscence without burning the wings of the holy desires of a devout life." It was not forbidden him to say, what is not forbidden me, that here alone, in these common exposures of work and contacts of duty, is true Christian piety actually successfully cultivated. Alas! for the man who is obliged to be shut up to himself, as in the convent life, to face his own lusts, disorders, and passions, and struggle them in direct conflict, with nothing else to do but occupy the soul.

We know a modest tailor who institutes more suits than any half dozen lawyers of our acquaintance. And